

The Weekly Expositor

J. A. MENZIES, Editor and Prop.

YALE,

MICH

ONE of the hottest strikes on record occurred when a carload of matches was ignited by friction at Burgin, Ky.

CHINA proposes to place "a duty on yarns." The revenue should be large from that source. "Yarns" are the chief of China's exports these days.

AMONG the distinguished dead of the year must be mentioned Celia Thaxter, the graceful poet and entertaining magazine writer. She was an ornament to literature and an honor to American womanhood.

THE Chinese language has 1,098 phonetic sounds and 43,000 written characters. People who have to wrestle with such an alphabet as that would seem to have precious little time for war or anything else.

COLONEL CHOFTON's august and soldierly nose having been struck by a lieutenant of his regiment it might be well to inquire whether the officers of the Fifteenth Infantry would not find it to their advantage to take a few elementary lessons in etiquette before any more Maney-Hedberg affairs disgrace them.

WITH a sufficient number of pneumatic guns, capable of throwing half a ton of dynamite to an indefinite distance and lifting an acre of water some hundreds of feet in the air, like that one tested at Sandy Hook, the American eagle ought, for the present, to be able to roost in security, so far at any rate as his coast line is concerned.

THE good roads agitation that has roused so much interest in the country in the last three or four years shows some signs of changing its form. The movement to provide the country with well paved highways of macadam or telford surface is likely to turn into an attempt to get public railroads along the highways with electricity as a motive power.

IT is a sign of Brazilian prosperity under her new government that sixty new locomotives of the first class from American works are now on the way thither. It is also a gratifying token that she can buy her railway materials and equipments better and cheaper in our markets than those of England, which until recently have enjoyed a practical monopoly of her trade in this direction.

THE royalists of Hawaii have not yet ceased talking of the restoration of the queen, but their talk is of a very idle character, especially when they suggest that Great Britain will interfere in their behalf. There is not the slightest need for such interference, and besides, Great Britain is too sensible to do anything to arouse the opposition of this country.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS' name has been sent out to the Associated Press and published in a great many papers as W. B. Howells. This is the press revenge on the novelist for his strictures on the "newspaper style." Mr. Howells will feel consoled as he recalls the story of the Fourth of July orator who spoke of that "grand patriot and statesman, George M. Washington."

JUST what little Nicaragua is aiming at in apparently inviting the United States and Great Britain to knock the chip off her shoulder does not appear on the surface of her arrest of American and British residents. It is said that if these foreigners are executed or driven out of the country their property will go to Nicaraguan officials, and this is alleged to be the motive of the arbitrary arrests. But the explanation sounds far-fetched.

THERE are reports of a very short apple crop, not only in England but throughout continental Europe this year. Apples are likely to be scarce and dear this year. Europe will be dependent upon us to a greater extent than usual. In most localities in this country apples do not promise to be as abundant as the show of blossoms indicated. There have been an immense number of apples which dropped too early to be made of any use. Those who have apples should save the whole crop and let none go to waste. This may easily pay better than anything else produced on the farm.

AMONG the school regulations of Brooklyn is one requiring that all pupils shall be vaccinated and the school principal refused to admit two pupils for failure to comply with the regulation. Suit was brought to compel him to admit them and was carried up to the supreme court of the state. Judge Bartlett rendered a decision in favor of the principal. This will probably stand as the law of the land and is certainly in accord with good public policy. The right of a community to protect itself from contagious diseases is unquestioned and any reasonable precaution it may take for that purpose must not be trifled with.

THERE were 21,496 patents granted during the past year, and considering that a hundred people are trying to invent something to every one who succeeds in getting a patent, we can form some idea of the brain power constantly expended in this direction.

THERE is enough ingenuity running to waste in this Yankee nation, if properly utilized, to render manual labor superfluous. All that would remain to do would be to sit still and touch a button, and like as not there would be an invention to do that

A CHARMING WRITER.

"CURTIS YORKE" AND HER PRETTY STORIES.

In Private Life She Is Mrs. John Richmond Lee—She Won Success Through Her First Literary Effort—Her Private Life.

THE CHARMING writer, who, as "Curtis Yorke," is known to so many readers, bears, in private life, the name of Mrs. John Richmond Lee. Born and educated at Glasgow, where her father, the late John Jex Long, was a prominent citizen, she is, nevertheless, of English origin, her father being a native of Norfolk, and her mother of Yorkshire. She wrote stories from her earliest childhood, and was given to copying disjointed scraps on her exercise books at school, but it was not until after her marriage with Richmond Lee, a mining engineer, which took place in 1881, that she wrote a complete novel. This, her first work of fiction, "That Little Girl," was in one volume, and was written partly in Glasgow and partly in Moffat, during the latter part of the year 1885. In 1886 it appeared in all the glory of print, and is now in its fourth edition.



CURTIS YORKE.

Mrs. Lee's first short story, "A Drawn Game," was written in the winter of 1886, and appeared in Temple Bar. She was fortunate in at once securing public favor. All her novels sell well, and have passed into various editions. Among them her own preference is for "Hush," published by Bently in 1888, and "A Romance of Modern London," in 1891.

Curtis Yorke's method of working is interesting. She generally makes a man the central figure of her story, and, taking his character, develops it. She then sketches in the other characters, blocks out the incidents and chapters, and leaves this framework for a time while she identifies herself with the whole idea. At intervals she jots down such scenes as come vividly before her. Her next proceeding is to write out the whole thing in pencil and read it aloud to her husband. If he approves she writes it once more in pencil, with any suggestions and improvements, and finally makes a fair copy in ink.

Mrs. Lee reads a great deal, but besides the noteworthy new books she has many old favorites that she reads over and over again. Among these she reckons Plato, Emerson and George Eliot. During the eight years that "Curtis Yorke" has pursued the vocation of novelist she has published ten books, the last being "Between the Silences," which issued in April last.

SACKED RIVER.

India Disturbed by an Old Prophecy Concerning the Ganges.

The ancient prophecy to which reference has been made more than once, that the sanctity of the River Ganges will pass to the Narbada in 1894-95, has been quoted very widely by the Indian press, and is said to be creating more uneasiness than the mango-smearing. It appears that, what with indignation meetings in every part of the country to protest against the sacrifice of Indian finance to the Manchester vote, and murderous feuds of the Mohammedans and Hindoos, the criminal trials for slander which have sprung out of missionary misrepresentations on the opium question, and the demand for the public prosecution of a leading missionary journal for insulting native religious beliefs, a wave of unrest is again passing over India.

The Tsesarevitch, in his account of his recent travels in that country, dwells at length upon the prophecy and the silent revolution which he de-

clares to be proceeding without any suspicion on the part of the British. A writer in the London Times says of the prediction: "It derives, of course, no authority from the Veda. Nor have we, after some inquiry, been able to discover a reference to it in any text belonging to the classical Sanskrit period. The earliest authentic notice has been traced no further back than the Rewa-Khunea, a local sacred poem in honor of the Narbada. Sixty years ago Sir Henry Sleeman mentioned it in his journal as current in the Narbada region of the Central Provinces. About the year 1880 Sir Monier Monier-Williams heard a good deal concerning it from the Brahmins of Western India at Ahmadabad. The change was to take place in 1851 of the Samvat era, corresponding to 1894-95 of our era.

"The ceremonial cycle of the Hindoos is one of twelve years, and the bathing festivals on the Ganges have each twelfth year a special religious value. At the last of these cyclic anniversaries the devotion of the populace was stimulated by the rumor that they had better take advantage of it lest the sanctity of the Ganges should depart before the next occasion arrived. Unprecedented multitudes flocked to the bathing places along its banks, and the demonstration was considered of sufficient importance to find its way into the official record of the period."

In Hungary it is the custom for the groom to give the bride a kick after the wedding ceremony to make her feel her subjection.



GOV. JOHN T. RICH.

Twice Nominated by the Republicans of Michigan.

Gov. John T. Rich, recently renominated by Michigan republicans as their candidate for governor, is one of the several Wolverine executives who like to be known as the "farmer governor." His two immediate predecessors, like Cincinnati of old, laid down the plow helms to take up the reins of state. Gov. Rich had not done active



GOV. JOHN T. RICH.

farming for some years previous to the campaign of 1892, but it has been facetiously said that he still had enough hay seeds concealed in the corners of his vest pockets to convince skeptical electors of the rural districts. He was elected by a majority of about 12,000 over Judge Morse of the Michigan Supreme court. His administration of the office of governor has been marked with some political eruptions at the state capital.

A Tattooed Man.

William Furness, a son of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the noted Shakespearean scholar, is probably the most artistically tattooed man in the world. A splendid reproduction of the goddess of love covers his chest, and the god of thunder illuminates his back. Snakes and birds by the dozen mark his arms and thighs. A pagoda is designed on one shoulder, and a fearful and wonderful collection of geometrical designs cover the other shoulder. A Chinese boat is tattooed on one leg, and a dragon looks up from the other. The artist who executed these designs received \$12 an hour for his services, an appalling fee in Japan.

STRIKING FLOUNDERS.

SPORT OF THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTHERN COAST.

The Darkey Boatman Can Hit a Flounder With His Spear Where You Would See Only Mud—The Expert Fisherman Never Misses His Fish.

Did you ever "strike" a flounder? Probably not, unless you have lived or passed some time on the coast of the Southern states.

One lovely August evening, just before sunset, as I stood on the back porch of our summer home on the coast of South Carolina, I noticed that our boy Bob seemed to be very busy over a boat at the little wharf only a short distance from the house and as I stood there watching him the mystery was explained.

Noticing that I was watching him with a good deal of interest, he came up to the steps and, removing the tattered rim of what was once a felt hat, said:

"Boss, I've got 'strikin' flounder to-night. Like to go 'long?"

After having finished supper and enjoyed a cigar and a stroll on the beach, watching the bathers in the surf and spying a distant sail on the horizon, I proceeded to dress for the occasion. Taking Bob's advice, I selected an old pair of base ball shoes, an ancient pair of cadet trousers that had stood the test of many a dress parade (a relic of my "rat" year), a cap of the same description and a flannel shirt and a heavy coat, for it was cool on the water after sunset, even in mid-summer, not forgetting to take a good supply of tobacco and a pipe to keep off the gnats and sand flies, and a plug of chewing tobacco for my companion.

I joined Bob at the back door, and we made our way down to the landing. Here we found a large flat-bottomed scow, on one side of which was fixed an old grate, in which a fire was burning fiercely, while at the other end was a huge pile of dry oak with plenty of fat pine for kindling. Standing in the boat was a colored boy of about the same size and blackness of my attendant, whom Bob designated to me as "my mammy's sister Sally's boy Rufe." Bob stood at the bow, Rufus at the stern with a pole, while I was invited to take the middle seat near the fire and requested to keep the boat clear of water, which as soon as we began our journey rushed through the many crevices with astonishing rapidity.

The night was very dark, but lighted by our fire we began to follow the shore and our flat bottom enabled us to keep in very close, says a Philadelphia Times writer. And now came to me what was the strangest part of the proceeding. Bob, standing as I have said, in the bow, armed with a striking pole, which is simply a heavy rod about eight feet long, with a two-pronged fork at one end, kept his eyes fixed on the water, which was brightly lit up for several feet in front of the boat, while he held the pole raised in his right hand. All at once, and without a word, he suddenly thrust the pole into the water in front of him and with a chuckle of triumph, dashed the pole into the bottom of the boat, and struggling and splashing around was a dark, flat object about a foot long, with two great gaping wounds made by the prongs of the fork. The flounder was exactly the color of the bottom of the water and very flat, and how on earth anybody, even a hungry negro, could distinguish it with the boat going at a pretty rapid rate was something I could not make out and have never been able to fathom.

To be sure the water was quite shallow, ranging in depth from one to two and a half feet, and the light from the fire was very bright, but when you take into consideration the fact that the soil was almost black and very muddy and soft and that the fish almost bury themselves therein, it will be seen that it requires no small amount of skill and quickness to detect the flounder with the boat being rapidly poled along.

And I never saw Bob miss. It would be natural to suppose that the "striker" would occasionally mistake some object for a flounder in waters that teemed with all kinds of fish, or that sometimes he would fail to secure the fish, even if he struck correctly, for it is a known fact that "the biggest fish I ever caught was the one that got away," no, I never knew Bob or any of the other many negroes whom I afterwards saw out "striking" to be guilty of failure. Sometimes the flounder would be pierced by only one prong instead of two, and sometimes the wound be very near the side of the fish, but secure him they always did.

The truth is that the negroes, and occasionally some of the "poor white trash," who live on or near the coast in that part of the state, sometimes depend very largely upon the sea for their support, especially when the crops have been a failure, and a pretty good living they make out of it, fish of all kinds in abundance, oysters and clams to be had for the picking up, while crabs and shrimps are very common. So that the young negroes, accustomed to such pursuits from their infancy, early become experts.

That night we were out about two hours and secured eight of the fine flounders as I ever saw, ranging in size from ten to fifteen inches, three of which furnished a very fine breakfast the next morning. The flounder is a very peculiar-looking fish. It is symmetrical and swims or rests on one side, almost always the left side, and it is said

that when very young the left eye is in what might be called the proper place, that is on the left lower side, but that very soon it is by degrees brought around to the right or upper side.

SHOOTING A SNAKE.

It Was a Big Brute and Was Preparing to Swallow the Hunter.

"I am a sworn enemy to everything of a snake nature, whether I find it in human beings or reptiles," said Colonel E. C. Shaw, of London, an ex-officer in the British army. "During my active service in the army I was stationed for a time in British Guiana, and while there had an experience with a snake that was startling enough to suit the most adventurous mind. I used to amuse myself a good deal by fishing in the neighboring river. One sultry afternoon, tired out with unsuccessful sport, I drew my canoe to a shady spot on the river bank, and stretching myself in the bottom, with my gun at my side, soon fell asleep. I was soon aroused from my slumber by a curious sensation, as though some animal was licking my foot. I glanced down, and, to my horror, saw the head and neck of a huge serpent, which was covering my feet with saliva, preparing, I suppose, to swallow me whole.

"For an instant I was completely paralyzed with fear and horror and a terrible death seemed imminent, but by a superhuman effort I regained control of my faculties, and jerking my feet away seized my gun and quick as a flash fired a load of buckshot into the snake's head. The boa, with a terrible hiss, raised its huge body and thrashed around at a great rate, as if determined in its death throes to throw its coils around me, but grasping the paddle I placed the canoe out of harm's way by a single stroke. The snake still continued to writhe around, half of its immense body in the water and the other half on the bank. I fired another charge into his head, which put an effectual end to its struggles. The reptile measured forty feet in length and was as big around as a man's body."

Swinging Arms in Walking.

Many people waste a great deal of their strength by swinging their arms backward and forward all the time while walking. It is a curious fact that the practice is followed by one of the sexes much more than it is by the other. An observer has taken notes upon this subject. After standing for a good while at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street he was able to allege that nearly sixty men in every 100, and only twelve women in every 100, swing their arms when walking. Most of them move the right arm with the left leg and the left arm with the right leg. A man who gave up the habit for a time returned to it, for the reason that it seemed to help him to walk rapidly. —New York Sun.

Ready for Anything.

Mr. Frieap—Dear Miss Grabber, may I dare to hope that some day you will be my wife?
Miss Grabber—You may, Henry; and the sooner the better. Get your life insured and the license to-morrow. We'll get married the day after. Delays are dangerous.—Judge.

A TRIP TO MERRYLAND.

"Dobson claims to be a self-made man." "He looks like an amateur job."

Banker—What makes you feel like an ancient prisoner? Broker—Because I've got into stocks and can't get out.

Miss Chic—Is Newport on the sea, Mr. Pipp? Pipp—Aw, bless you, no. It's on the blooming shoah, don't you know?

She—What a lovely rose! What would you say if I asked you to give it to me? He—I would say it was like you cheek!

"Auntie, auntie, bring the dictionary, quick." "Auntie—What's the matter? 'The baby has said a new word, an' let's see what it means."

Debtor—I can't pay you anything this month. Collector—That's what you told me last month. Debtor—Well, I kept my word, didn't I?

Poetess—I see that the editors of the magazines complain of a dearth of good poetry. Rhyme—I don't wonder at that. They returned all mine.

"What had the prisoner in his hand when he struck the prosecutor?" asked the magistrate of a policeman. "I saw nothing in his hand but his fist, sor," was the reply.

She—Eve had many troubles, but she was spared one great trial. He—What was that? She—Adam couldn't always be telling her how well his mother could cook.

Dikley—I wonder what induced the female giant at the dime museum to marry the India rubber man? Dikley—I suppose she wanted somebody she could twist around her fingers.

First Passenger—Who is that man drinking from that rusty mug chained to the water cooler? Second Passenger—That is Professor De Science, author of "Disease in the Communion Cup."

Mother, to suitor—No, I can never give you my daughter. I have quite made up my mind. Suitor—Then I am doubly disappointed. I vowed that I would have a lovely wife and a young looking mother-in-law. Mother—Well, er—you may call again. I may change my mind.

"So she flitted you," said the sympathetic friend. "Yes." "Did she give any reason?" "She did. She said it was because of her philanthropic nature; that it was better to make a great many men happy by being engaged to them than to make one miserable by marrying him."

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

JOKES AND JIBES AT PERSONS AND THINGS.

The Red Headed Lady and the Pink Tea—Worldly Temptations at the Summer Resorts—Doing Him Wrong—Flotsam and Jetsam.



IN THE LAZY summer time. Stretched at ease I love to be, Close beside a running brook, In my hands an open book. Musing o'er some poet's rhyme, I'm led by drowsy insect hum. Present idle fancies come.

Famoured by the magic scene. Of the mystic woodland green. While my dreams are all sublime Rings some distant village chime, Melting music in the air. Ne'er a thought of worldly care, In the lazy summer time. —Truth.

No Harm Done.

Fond Mother—Why, Jane, you let the baby swallow that pin.
Jane—Yes, mum, but it was a safety pin.

All in the Way of Business.

First Heggar—Yesterday I extended my business enormously.
Second Ditto—In what way?
First Ditto—I broke one of my ribs. —Lustige Blatter.

The Five Great Powers.

me one asked Prince G—— "What are the great powers of Europe?"
He answered, straight off the reel: "England, Germany, France, Russia and woman." —Le Conteur du Vau-Lois.

Speech That Was Golden.

Edith—What did Mr. Lover say to you when he called last night?
Maud—He made a ringing speech See my finger?

Accepted.

The ancient knight leaned lightly upon his lance. "Marry—"
The modern maid was on his neck in an instant. "Oh, Roderick," she cried, "this is so sudden!"

Disappointed.

(tenderly)—And here, darling, is the ring.
She (examining it—angrily)—Well, I shall never trade again at Finny's. I told them explicitly the ring I wished you to buy. —Truth.

No Color Sense.



Nan—Mrs. Bangs has excecable hasn't she?
Kitty—Yes, indeed! She has red hair, you know—though, of course, she can't help that—and only the other day she gave a pink tea. —Truth.

Wedded to His Way.

"You ought to marry some girl who would make home pleasant for you."
"What! You advise me to marry a woman who would run off and leave me!"

At the Open Air Play.

Rosalind—Why, how frantically the people are applauding!
Celia—That's not applause—they're striking at the mosquitoes.

In the Thieves' Quarter.

Adams—What's going on over at your house? I hear music and dancing.
Brown—Yes, we have got a little family celebration.
"What's the occasion?"
"One of the boys has just got home from the penitentiary."

Spunge It!

"What is the meaning of the words, de mortuis nil nisi bene?" asked Johnny Fizzlepot of his father.

"It means, my son, that when a man closes both eyes the public is expected to close one eye, at least, to whatever wrongs he may have committed when alive."

A Crusher for Pa.

Smythe (to his daughter)—You should listen to your mother's advice. She is a better judge than you of a suitable husband.

Miss Smythe (indignantly)—Yes! She showed her judgment once, didn't she?

A Depressed Parent.

"Your son is not conspicuous for business-like instincts," said the manager of the store to the proprietor.
"I know it," was the melancholy reply. "It's his business-dislike instincts that makes him loom up like a wart on the family tree." —Ex.

A Wreque.

There was a young man had a cheque. He dalled with Fortune; her beque he led him straight to the course Where he bet on a horse, And he got it right square 's 'he neque.